

The Fisk Herald.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1888

NO. 5.

CONTENTS.

METAPHYSICAL (<i>verse</i>),	1
HOW WE HAVE GROWN,	1
VOLAPUK,	2
THE POWER OF LETTERS (<i>verse</i>),	4
INDUSTRIAL FISK,	4
TOM BROWN AT FISK,	6
EDITORIAL,	8
EDITORIAL TOOTHPICK,	8
THE PRAIRIE VIEW NORMAL SCHOOL,	10
COMMUNICATIONS,	11
BUSINESS NOTICE,	11
PERSONAL,	12
EXCHANGES,	13
PEOPLE AND EVENTS,	14
LOCALS,	15
CITY ITEMS,	16
ADVERTISEMENTS,	16—24

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The Fisk Herald.

A MONTHLY COLLEGE JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF FISK UNIVERSITY.

VOL. V.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1888.

NO. 5.

METAPHYSICAL.

Materialist Realist Idealist,
Chemist, Philosopher, and Sage:
Thy lore is but a spark in the night,
That throws the enveloping darkness
Into phantasmal forms,
On which thou buildst philosophies,
And sayst "I know." Vain mortal!
That with the finite wouldst solve the
Infinite
And unravel a Universe.
Would ye find God in elements,
Or Life in Protoplasmic form?
Seek ye him as the prophet, of old
In the wild wind and raging hurricane?
Solve ye the Unsolved in Mathematics
mystic curves?
Then is thy knowledge vain and seemingly
Doth lead in paths strangely diverse,
And far from God.
Yet are they but footprints of the Al-
mighty,
leading to one vast abyss
Of the Unsearchable, the Eternally Un-
known!
Let then thy Faith take wings,
And span the Gulf; what matters
Though his footprints wind apart;
Tis but to make more beauteous curve.
His hand shall, guide thee,
And all knowledge lead thee
Upward, onward, and to God.

Anon., '88.

HOW WE HAVE GROWN.

In 1783 the United States was con-
fined to the territory east of the Mis-
sissippi and north of Florida which
had an area of only 820,980 square
miles.

In 1803 Napoleon, in order that

Great Britain might not get posses-
sion of the Louisiana territory, and
compelled by financial straits, invited
proposals from the United States for
the purchase of Louisiana. An agree-
ment was effected, and for fifteen
million of dollars 889,579 square
miles of territory were acquired.

In 1819, February 22nd, the treaty
or the cession of Florida, was ratified
by the king of Spain, though reluct-
antly. 66,900 square miles, was the
result of this cession, for \$5,000,000.

In 1845 James K. Polk was elect-
ed President not because of his ex-
cellent ability but because he favored
the annexation of Texas. Texas hav-
ing accepted the terms of the annex-
ation proposed by the United States,
318,000 square miles was added to
our territory.

Having acquired all the territory of
the east and south by various treaties
and purchases, the United States
slowly but surely stretches her arms
towards the west. In the following
year a treaty with Great Britain set-
tled the boundary of Oregon; the treaty
gave us 308,052 square miles.

Then we came face to face with
Mexico, and by the Guadalupe-Hi-
dalgo treaty at the close of the Mexi-
can War, we gained the vast domin-
ion of Arizona, New Mexico, and Up-
per California. Although the terms
of peace were accepted, the boundary
line was not definitely settled till years
after. The discovery of gold in this

new acquisition greatly increased its value. In December, 1853 the boundary of Mexico was settled by the Gadsen Purchase, \$10,000,000 being the price paid. Toward Alaska, then known as Russian America the United States now looked.

This territory obtained its name by virtue of Russian explorations. The Russian American Fur Company, by the sanction of Emperor Paul, organized themselves into a company for trade.

The Company had sway until 1862, when the charter expired and the government declined to renew the charter. For several years the country was explored by a scientific body of men sent by the United States. In 1867 negotiations were made with Russia and \$7,200,000 was agreed upon as the price. The treaty was ratified May 20th of the same year. Thus our country has grown and to-day with its vast area and sea-coast, its great rivers, and railways, its fertile soil and genial climate, its super-abundance and variety of agricultural and mineral production, it is truly a mighty nation.

It occupies the middle and most desirable portion of the continent and from small and obscure beginnings, it now has an area of over 3,000,000 square miles.

EMMA J. TERRY.

VOLAPUK.

For few things are we more indebted to modern invention than the increased facility it has given to inter-communication and transit between different parts of the world. The appliances of steam and electricity, and

the various other contrivances which enable us to annihilate distance, photograph sound or hold a tete-a-tete with the antipodes, are indeed calculated to give a degree of complacency, if not entire satisfaction, to the average cosmopolite. But withal there is at least one more "long felt want" yet unsatisfied. Every one must experience it directly or indirectly. There are those with whom it is a daily need.

The steam car may whirl us into the city of Mexico, the packet may quickly deposit our correspondence at the Hague, the ocean cable may reproduce our lines in Peking but what avails either without some intermediate agency? In the one case the interpreter in the others the translator must be called to aid. Here is a great and increasing inconvenience. The question of how to dispose with the interpreter and translator in these simple relations, has grown in interest and importance with the increased intercourse of nations.

It has been long accepted that the only resource lies in the adoption of a UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE, whether it be one of the existing natural languages or one artificially constructed. Since the 17th century, the latter idea has been discussed. Numerous philosophers of repute have united in extolling the possibilities of an artificial language while literary men have generally united in denying its possible utility. From forty to fifty different systems of greater or less ingenuity have been invented; but no scheme has been prevented that was not practically worthless. But in the words of Professor Kerekhoffs, "practical minds remark with justice that we are a century

wherein new wants spring up every day, and in which the impossibilities of one day become the marvelous realities of the next". There were those who were yet not discouraged. The daily multiplication of necessities for some such device stimulated zeal; and in 1880 John Martin Schleyer a German polyglot, a distinguished linguist and a man of letters, after a laborious effort of twenty years published a system which is believed to be a solution of the problem.

Volapuk is from *vol*, universe and *puk*, language; literally, Universal Language. Borrowing certain distinguishing characteristics from the different languages of Europe he has succeeded in combining a logical, well-arranged and exceedingly simple system.

The difficulties of pronunciation of various European languages are avoided, as are all long compound words. There are no silent letters and every sound has a letter. The French accent has been adopted, every word receiving the stress on the last syllable, the French construction has likewise been followed for the most part. There are no artificial genders, no irregular verbs, and a single conjugation. The roots of the words have been borrowed from all the European languages, the English being specially laid under contribution. The method of derivation is always the same. Adjectives, verbs, adverbs etc. are regularly formed from the substantive and have invariably the same terminations. It is therefore only necessary to learn the nouns in order to master the entire vocabulary. The rules in Volapuk have no exceptions.

It is believed that, by one knowing any one of the Romanic or Germanic languages, Volapuk can be mastered in one month sufficiently to be enabled to speak and correspond in with passable fluency. Experiments with it in the schools of Paris have lead to this conclusion.

The experimental stage with Volapuk seems to have now passed. Its practical utility for the purposed designs have been demonstrated—for Europeans at least. Upwards of 20,000 pupils are now pursuing it in Germany and Austria alone, and in various countries of both hemispheres its students and advocates are increasing continually. It has been officially recommended to telegraph clerks in Denmark, and in Germany it is hoped to secure its admittance into that service.

There have been held already two international conventions of Volapukists, one a year or two ago at Munich, at each of which there were present several hundred delegates.

It should go without saying that the language is yet not without imperfections, nothing in this world can claim such distinction; but the imperfections of Volapuk are not vital, they are such as its enthusiastic endorsers are gradually eliminating.

Some have asked why not rather adopt one of the existing or ancient languages? The best answer is that centuries of experience has proven this impossible. Greek, Latin and French have each in a measure served as a general medium, but neither ever obtained more than a very limited use for a very limited scope of purpose. National and race jealousy, and the dif-

ficulty of learning any one of the natural languages, are main and sufficient objections their employment.

The difficulties of pronunciation, spelling and Grammar are such that it takes the Frenchman at least two or three years to learn German, and these, remember, are kindred languages, both of the Aryan family; but one of these tongues to a Semitic speaking person presents difficulties almost unsurmountable; and, *vice versa*, a European would have equal difficulty in learning Persian or Chinese. No system of economics could give this much time to the propagation of a foreign tongue in so general and thorough a manner as to make it available for the purposes required of a universal language, much less when so simple a device as Valapuk is at hand.

R. C. EDMONDSON.

For the HERALD.

THE POWER OF LETTERS.

The mock-bird in a neighboring tree
Sings thrilling songs of love,
My world is dark, they're not to me,
My sky is lead above.

Some white-winged messengers of love
Come fluttering to my hand;
My sky so rosy now above,
Irradiates the land.

O love, what wondrous power is thine!
Severed by leagues of miles,
Thou yet canst make my heavens shine
And clothe my earth with smiles.

INDUSTRIAL FISK.

THE Industrial Kitchen, as many of you know, is the most desirable department in Jubilee Hall.

About four weeks ago, together with two other young ladies, I entered

upon the duties of this Department.

I cannot tell you how much progress we have made, but perhaps after I have told you that before entering this Department, we knew little or nothing of this branch of study and that now having almost finished our course we are able to prepare a very respectable meal, you will have some idea as to our progress. When we first entered upon the work, we, at least two of us, were quite sure we had learned something about cooking but it was quite astonishing to us to learn that we did not even know how to make biscuit (which is the first thing every girl learns) nor to boil Irish potatoes.

I am sure that one of our number can boast of her great knowledge now, in this art, since she has learned that Irish potatoes with the peelings on are not to be boiled in "greens". Were we to ask many if not all of our young ladies and even some of the young men, if they know how to wash dishes, the answer "yes" would be quickly given, but I feel quite sure that none of you could do so decently.

With our cooking we are taught how to arrange a table in the best of order, and to make fire in such a way that it will not cease to burn the minute you turn your back.

About twice or three times a week, we are permitted to invite our friends down. If our visitors wish us to feel happy, they must of course eat heartily. I would also like to tell you, that when we invite our friends, we of course do not eat until they come.

Two of our friends were invited to wait in the Reception room until some one came for them, but one was greatly afraid we would be through

eating before they arrived and therefore did not wait.

The Industrial Kitchen has not been in existence a very great while in the University, and therefore, comparatively few of the young ladies, have been permitted to enter it.

Only three are permitted to enter at a time, formerly, two. We could not conveniently have more than three, though we greatly desire to have a larger class and are very anxious that all of our young ladies should be able to cook. The best of all, we are taught to be economical, and this is indeed something that our young ladies greatly need to know, especially those who are on the verge of graduation. Some of our young men seem to think that cooking should be our highest aim in life; or to put it in the language of one young man, "Your highest aim should be to know how to cook for somebody." I do not agree with this young man in the least, indeed, I scarcely believe he agrees with himself. Our highest aim is *not* to know how to cook for "somebody," though we greatly desire to be proficient in this art.

Each class cooks six weeks. This is a very short time when there are so many things to be learned.

I do not know why it is, but we have had so many inquiring friends, who, seemingly, did not know us until about four weeks ago.

We do not cook in the "big" Kitchen, we have two nicely furnished rooms, (a kitchen and dining-room) on the east side of the building. This is of course on the lower floor.

I am sure it would be astonishing to some, if not all of you, to see what

a tempting meal we can prepare out of so little. Some of our students have a great abhorrence for soup (I do not mean to include in this number the young man who ate three bowls full) but I am sure that many of them would change their minds were they to take a meal with us when we have this dish.

One of our professors positively can not eat onions, yet he ate some of our soup which was flavored with onion, and not only ate it, but complimented it highly.

We of course take notes of the different ingredients of things, for "We forget so soon."

One of our friends who has visited us, kindly promised to make an endowment to the Industrial Department when he left school. It may be, that he was feeling very well at the time for he had just gotten through his supper and spoke a little too hastily but I trust he was in earnest and that when the five years which he has yet to stay have passed, he will not forget us.

We are indeed sorry that we can not invite every one down, but we find it to be impossible, as we are there such a short time, however, there are several more young ladies, who are to go down and there may will be a chance for many of you.

We wish the young ladies who are to follow us, much success, yet we are selfish enough to hope that they will do no better than we have done.

MARY A. McCLELLAN.

"I've got myself in an ice-box!" as the butcher remarked when he found himself locked up in a fresh-meat refrigerator. -Ex.

TOM BROWN AT FISK.

CHAPTER II.

"Who's that," said Jones of the Junior College as he reached the third floor with dust-pan and broom, and heard the rumbling of a wagon on the drive below. "Dunno" said Thompson of the Freshman, "New fellow, I reckon," "Pshaw! Thought 'twas somebody" said Jones as he jerked his head in from the window and sauntered on down to his room thinking whom he should bring out to the lecture Friday night. Thompson looked out and saw a tall, dark, awkward looking fellow, dressed in jeans, standing besides a trunk of rather ancient appearance. A crowd of boys stood out near the bell tower cracking jokes at his expense. "Here you, dry up there, and show him up to Miss Parmelee" yelled the Freshman who was just beginning to feel his college "importance." "Better make us! Take him up yourself" was the impolite rejoinder. Thompson hurried down stairs. "Good morning. Just got in? Where are you from?" "I'm from Liberty, Tenn." "O yes. Used to teach down near there. Well, glad to see you. Let's see, what's your name?" "Tom Brown." "Know anybody here?" "Miss Boyd used to be my teacher a year or so ago." "Ella Boyd? Is that so? Why Miss Boyd is one of my *especial* friends," with a senatorial air. "Well come on up. I'll take you to the matron." After having interviewed Miss Parmelee, and encountered the Treasurer, Tom found himself ensconced on the west side of the "Buzzard Roost," (as Thompson euphoniously styled the

fourth floor), with thirty-five cents in his pocket and a general feeling of lonesomeness. While prying into the mysteries of the wardrobe and bureau and examining the lamp to find out at which end to light it, he was startled by the unearthly clamor of the large bell. "What's the matter" he asked, rushing to the door. "Chapel!" yelled a boy as he rushed past tying his necktie and fell down four or five stairs in his haste. "What's them?" queried Tom anxiously. "What's *them*? Ha! ha! ha! Get your books and come on" Tom grabbed his arithmetic and Bible, and started down stairs in full gallop. "Hey, get a collar on, fellow! Ain't used to such things, are you?" howled a Prep, as Tom struck the third floor. "Keep on your foolishness! John Brown if somebody don't have to pull him off from you" replied another as he disappeared below. At this Thompson came up and relieved the poor fellow of some of his embarrassment. "Hello, Tom! Say, boy, go up stairs and finish dressing, and I'll show you down to the chapel, Tom." Liked the chapel exercises very much at first, although he couldn't quite "catch on" the singing, but when he discovered Thomson making eyes at his beloved ex-schoolmistress, whom he had discovered after some search, somehow he felt "funny." Tom was much impressed with the marching and mentally determined to be a senior in the van "in a mighty short while." However the Principal of the English Department soon took the larger part of his conceit away, and when with aching head he finished the mazy pile of examination papers, he was surprised to hear he had made an

class.

Days and weeks passed by and Tom became gradually settled in his new surroundings, and to put on Fisk airs.

He stood a little longer before the glass, ogled the girls in prayer meetings, stood well in his studies and was actually rash enough to think of engaging company to a lecture; happily however this catastrophe was averted by Thomson who informed him patronizing he was "too young." At first he had wanted to see Miss Boyd very much, but as the weeks rolled by and he saw so many prettier faces he soon forgot all about her nearly, except to nod as they met. However Ella was used to this for she was not pretty and consequently not overburdened with beaux (for Fiskites have a most asinine failing for faces) and she therefore had little to take her attention from her lessons except as Thomson dropped around and poured a little of his super-abundant self-conceit in her ear just though he thought (as she used to say with an angry toss of her head) she was fool enough to believe him.

The christmas holidays soon came with their festivities, and Tom had a big box from his good old mother, visited around the city with the boys, and took part in the Mock Congress, although his active part only consisted in rising to one point of order, which sad to say was not well taken. Then came the week of prayer, and Tom, who had always viewed the wild revivals at home with a sort of contempt, was a little touched. Perhaps it would not have amounted to much, had he not one day as he was passing the library heard some one call "Tom" "What?" he asked, stopping. I

was Ella Boyd. "Tom" she said abruptly, after a little hesitation. "Tom, I wish you'd be a christian. You know you ought." "Ye-es" "Won't you try then?" "I don't know." "Please promise me; will you?" "Yes." "Thank you, I am so glad." And she turned away and Tom went up stairs, feeling a little queer. But he kept his word and at Wednesday night's prayer-meeting summoned up enough courage to to arise and say he intended to be christian. He knew not how soon he was to be tried; it came the following afternoon in the shape of a letter. His father was dead, and his mother left alone to care for the children; he must give up his education and go home to the farm and begin his life work. Could he?

Could he leave all his schoolmates and pleasant surroundings, give up his aspirations, his longing to be a college man, and return to the now almost despised life again? It was hard bitter struggle, but the right conquered, his things were soon packed and he had bidden teachers and classmates goodbye. He lingered in the hall a moment after his last supper to bid Ella adieu; there was just a hand-shake and a little later the hack was rolling to the station and Tom was no longer a Fiskite.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing. -Ex.

The strike on Ferry street has been quelled. The old woman appeared on the scene vigorously swinging a broom and the boy took up his saw again and went back to the wood pile, and resumed work at old rates. -Ex.

THE FISK HERALD,

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THE BETA KAPPA BETA SOCIETY,

THE YOUNG LADIES' LYCEUM,

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JANUARY, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

IN the midst of New Year greetings comes the sad news of the sudden death of Luther Polk Tally, '86. Fisk has lost a noble representative, the world, an earnest man. We extend our heart felt sympathies to the bereaved family.

ONE object of a literary society is of course parliamentary drill; we think however this is made too prominent a feature in the University. It would doubtless be far better if the time given to this should be strictly limited and not allowed to encroach on that given to the literary exercises.

AT last we have a historian; not merely a *Negro* historian, but a man who judged by his merits alone has written a splendid narrative.

The HERALD congratulates George W. Williams, and the race, which may justly be found of him.

THE Week of prayer is a time of seriousness for every body. We should not forget the practical side of christianity. The choices that some of our fellow-student make during this week determine far more "practically" than anything else they may do their future life. The foundation stones here laid should be put into position with no careless hand. God grant that the highest testimony our students will ever have for Fisk will be that she first started them in the path that leads to a heavenly inheritance that is incorruptible undefiled and that fadeth not away.

EDITOR'S TOOTHPICK.

XMAS AT FISK!

THE 50th CONGRESS
CONVENES.

THE W. C. T. U. ASSEMBLES.

THE PRESIDENT CANED.

DINNER, SOCIAL, RHETORICALS AND
OPEN REHEARSAL.

"We feast and frolic, then we go
Back to the same old books again"

CHRISTMAS at Fisk! We always have a good time, but this year we outdid ourselves. Prepara-

tions were being made the first of December and the public was early startled by flowing posters giving the names of the members of the 50th Congress which was to convene Dec. 24th and 25th. Somebody whispered that the girls ought to do "something" but then you know girls can't do any thing, at least so the boys *said*. Then the caucuses, the whispers, the wire-pulling, the bees. —!! Everbody was trying to look wise. Nobody wanted the speakership, O, no! The Democrats looked confident; the Republicans more so. The Republican caucus came first; all was silence and unanimity. The Democrats' caucus came last; all was yelling, balloting and hubbub. The Prohibitionists came betwixt; all was mysteriousness. Then came the first session for the election of officers. The Democrats got out pretty little posters with "Hurrah for Democracy" on them, and a picture of the Capitol, (Jubilee Hall) and taffy for the Prohibitionists, with

FOR SPEAKER.

JOHN ANGELL LESTER,
of Delaware.

The Republicans got the first lick at the Printing-press and got theirs off in time to pin on the girls at dinner. The Prohibitionists and Labor men "lay low, say nuffin!" Then the election and the tug of war. The Democratic taffy did no good. Some boys wouldn't even play Democrat. The Prohibitionists and Labor men turned Republican and the day was lost to the Democrats. But they were plucky, they fought a good fight, they talked loud and long. The scene surpassed the fabled Bedlam, words waxed warm, —and the Repub-

licans snowed them under to the tune of 61 to 23. This is the ticket that won,



FOR SPEAKER.

MATHEW ELIOT STEVENS,
of Georgia.

with C. O. Hunter the prohibitionist as chief clerk. The sessions on the 25th and 26th were great successes. The Democrats had been beaten in the speakership race but they "got there just the same." The Republicans had the voters, but they had the tongues. They wiped up things generally, tore up stumps, and signally *extinguished* themselves. Great was the oratory, and marvelous the wrangling, and multitudinous the bills.

Hurrah, for the 50th congress! But mean while the girls were looking wise and mysterious. There were sundry little grins, winks, and nods, and the boys smelt a rat. When it was announced by "Miss Willard" that the W. C. T. U. would soon assemble, the boys opened their eyes and asked questions; but the girls

played spinx and looked independent. Tuesday at 10 a. m. the W. C. T. U. assembled, with Miss Murray Willard in the chair. The white ribbons fluttered, the girls looked sweet, and the boys sighed and softly hummed, "How I wished that girl was mine." The exercisers were faultless, and the boys aren't crowing so much now. Christmas morning, or rather the morning after, dawned bright and clear. The tables were covered with a vast number of queer looking unstamped packages; however the following was put in Tuesday's mail.

Kris. R. Kingle, Esq;

No. Several, Jubilee Hall.

Dear Sir(?)

You have doubtless forgotten our addresses. We beg to inform you we are at our old stand.

Yours &c.

Nos.—,—,—, &c.

The toothsome bird was in his glory at 1:30 P. M., and at 7 the boys did the Social art in their best neckties. After the post-prandium speeches we caned the president unmercifully, a gold-headed ebony one, inscribed, "President Cravath, from the students of Fisk, Dec. 25th, 1887." Friday came the Rhetoricals, and the boys talked in Christmas style. Politics and the Negro were very prominent. 'Rah for Sherman. Next came the Open Rehearsal of the Mozart Society, when they warbled sweetly and caroled neatly while the spoons rattled at intervals. The dream is over, the Editor awakes to hear the Prof. in mineralogical tone "Does this belong to the Isometric or Orthorhombic system?" Xmas, *au reserve*—of fun!

Remember the Fisk Gymnasium.

THE PRAIRIE VIEW NORMAL SCHOOL.

PRAIRIE View Normal School is a State Institution, located in Maller county, and with special reference to those whom it was intended to directly benefit. Fifty miles east is Houston, the railroad center for nine roads, and six west is Hempstead and nearest mail Station. The location is thus away from the influence of the city and nestled in the very heart of the Black Belt. The central building is a large two-story frame. The former country residence of a rich planter and stock-raiser. This building also served the uses of an aristocratic boarding school, and like all lordly mansions of this section, was built with reference to comfort. In addition to the main building there are three other houses used as dormitories by the boys, a large two story L shaped frame building with twenty rooms for girls, a frame cottage for the principal, a model school for children and a brick dining hall. The school is run largely on the family plan, each student governing himself and all members of one family and supporters of one idea, that of demonstrating their fitness to govern others by first governing themselves. Success in this has been marvelous. The career of the school has been varied, and more than once its life was almost despaired of, notwithstanding the fact that the State offered tuition, use of text-books, and maintenance free.

The whole number of students is divided into two classes.—State and Pay Students. The former (forty-six in number) are appointed after a compet-

titive examination. These are maintained with-out cost to themselves; the latter pay a nominal sum for books.

Tuition is free to all, the only condition being that they sign a pledge to teach, after leaving, as long as they have attended the school.

The work is Normal so far as the conditions will allow, the particular aim being to prepare teachers for the common public schools.

The course of study is arranged to cover a period of three years. No attempt is made at teaching the languages other than our mother tongue. Great stress is laid upon the needs of the common school teacher. Care is taken to broaden and lengthen the course of study as the demand grows.

Our graduates and licentiates find ready work as teachers, in fact are in demand, many counties being supplied direct from the school.

The industrial feature will be annexed during this session. This department comes in response to the well-nigh unanimous demand of the colored people. Its success is assured.

The school owns twenty three hundred acres of land, is managed almost entirely by the colored people, has the support of the best people of the state and is backed by the largest democratic majority of any similar work in the country.

More than thirty thousand dollars was appropriated by the last Legislature to support P. V. N. S. during two years.

Praire View hopes to grow into the leading school of this great State.

The Faculty is encouraged in this hope by a generous public and a liberal Board of Directions. When the

time comes our aim will be higher(?) and our name changed.

L. C. Anderson, A. M., '80.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CHAPEL HILL, TENN. Dec. 27th, 1887.

Dear HERALD:

After a long silence, I take pleasure in penning you a few lines, to inform you of my winter school and my success therein. I taught a three month school last summer about one and one half miles from this place, and I enjoyed the work very much, and gave satisfaction to all. After the termination of my summer school, I was asked to take a school in Chapel Hill for the winter, which I gladly did. I opened the school that I am teaching now Oct. 24th and have taught two months and one week. After Christmas I guess I will teach about two months longer. I have some very bright pupils, several of whom are aspiring for Fisk. I am sure I enjoy the work of teaching, especially at this place.

Yours Truly,

W. L. Johnson.

BUSINESS NOTICE:

We would like to inform our delinquents, that the courts have decided that all subscribers to News papers are held responsible until all arrearages are paid and their papers ordered to be stopped. Please take notice and act accordingly.

Business Manager.

Some men find fault because they are never lucky enough to find anything else. - *Ex.*

PERSONAL.

John W. Pitts of Crownpoint Mississippi came in Dec the 31 st.

Mark Ousley returned to us on the 2nd inst.

Jessie Franklin of Sardis, Mississippi entered the University last month.

Arthur Lucy of Little Rock, Arkansas, came in on the 3rd inst.

J. J. Scott sends in his subscription for the HERALD. Scott is at Jerseyville Ill.

J.W. Ramsey left last month to take charge of a school near Marianna, Ark.

Misses C. A. Reeves, L. A. Weaver and Mary Edmonson are now in the Industrial Department studying the art of cooking. They hope to make as good a record as the preceding class.

Miss Georgia A. Green a former student of the University visited us during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Leonora Aray has returned ready to begin work. She does not find Physics very easy to make up.

Miss Nicie Fortson comes to us a new student this year.

We regret that Miss Pearl M. King was compelled to leave school on account of poor health.

Miss Laura A. Gleaves of Shreveport La. is one of our new students. She entered the 3rd.

Miss Jennie Hanmer on account of poor health has left the boarding department and is now a day pupil.

W. H. Lanier put in his appearance on the 28th ult.-- Some one's face will soon have a long appearance.

We acknowledge the receipt of a unique calender just issued by the Pope Mfg. Co. of Boston, Mass. Its valuable for its cycling literature and adds materially to the Editorial comfort.

We learn from a private letter that E. W. Bailey, '87, is having great success at Dyersburg, Tenn. He is principal of a school of 170, with two assistants, graduates of Roger Williams and Atlanta Universities respectively. It is said Mr. Bailey is greatly respected by both white and black.

P. W. Adams spent a day or two at the University, during the christmas holidays. He can't say when he will be in school.

W. T. Andrews returned on the 28th ult.

Earnest Bledsoe of Tipton, came in Dec. 31.

We have the pleasure of welcoming for the first time, H. H. Bellaphant, of South Pittsburg.

The lost sheep of junior class, returned to us on the 30th ult. in the person of J. D. Miller. We rejoice, Dan, at thy return.

The following persons from Waverly visited the University last month. Miss Mary Knight, Mrs. Cowan, Messrs. Brown, Porter, and Hewey.

Mr. Clinton J. Calloway, of Chattanooga, spent several days last month at Fisk, visiting his brothers J. N. and T. J. Calloway.

Among our new students are Misses Dora Ousley, Alberta Washington, Serena Maury, Ida Wilks, Mary L. Hughes, Bertha Phillips, Annie Walker, Eliza Singleton, and Sophia Whitney.

We take pleasure in welcoming for the first time, Messrs. Simon Moss of Lakeport Ark., A. M. Somerville, of Bridgeville, Ark., and Prince Wilkerson of Lake Providence, La.

Mrs. Emma Stothard Bell, of Yazoo, Miss., N. '78, visited the University a few days ago.

Miss Nannie E. Jones N. '86, spent a few days with us as she was on her way to Chicago. From there she went to Boston where she sailed for Africa on the 19th. She goes as a Missionary to join Mr. and Mrs. Ousley in their work. We earnestly pray for her safe journey across the sea.

Mrs. A. K. Spence has arrived. She is directly from Detroit Mich. where she spent Christmas with her daughter Miss M. E. Spence, and Miss M. A. Chase.

Miss A. M. Cahill, our much loved teacher, came in on the 10th ready to take charge of her classes at once. We are glad to welcome her back.

Miss Josie R. Blythe, N. '86, and G. W. Jackson, N. '84, were united in marriage on Wednesday eve, Dec. 28th at the home of the bride, Memphis Tenn. They left immediately for Corsicana, Texas. We wish them much happiness.

Miss Gertrude Bridgman a former teacher, accompanied by her sister Miss Amy Bridgman and Miss Susie Lathrop were guests of the University during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Langston of St. Louis Mo. visited us during the holidays. Mrs. Langston is a graduate of the normal department, class of '77.

John R. Simmons, brother of J. A. Simmons came in on the 29th. ult. from Peters, Ark.

Rev. M. F. Easton, of Marianna, Ark., entered the University, on the 28th. ult. Mr. Easton comes from Wilberforce University.

Last month, at the hotel of the Jubilee Singers in Melbourne, Australia, the Jubilee Singers and a few prominent citizens met for the purpose of bidding fairwell to Miss Malone, who because of her declining health was preparing to come to America. Because of her sweet music, winning ways and christian character, they presented her with a purse containing sixty-three Jubilee coverings.

EXCHANGES.

It would be well for the *Hesperian* to mail a magnifying glass with each number in order that its readers may see the type. If the boys are diminishing in the same ratio as the type, for lack of exercise, the delay of the proposed gymnasium will be a serious matter.

Though the following has been borrowed once, we can not refrain from quoting it again, for it is eminently sensible; "Every imperfection can be traced to a failure, every failure to a blunder, and every blunder to carelessness. The cause of carelessness, is mental laziness; its cure, thinking; its consequence, the sum total of all human misfortune.

The Christmas number of the *Student Life* has put in its appearance. Save one pathetic Christmas story it is all meriment and sentimentalism, the result we suppose of non-co-educational

tion Poor boys, we lend you sympathy.

The *Normal News* comes to us with a novel feature. It contains the photographs of the faculty. We think the idea is a capital one. It is a matter of regret that we find no exchanges in this number. Can it be that the *News* has lost sight of its neighbors, or is it too selfish to notice them.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Sat. December 17th was Whittiers' eightieth birthday.

Edwin Arnold, author of the celebrated poem "Light of Asia," has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

The late Mrs. Mulock-Craik left \$85,000.— the copyright of her works going to her husband, and the rest to her adopted daughter.

Mrs. John J. Astor died recently in New York. She was very wealthy and gave both of her time and money to charities.

Mr. Spurgeon delivered his 2000th sermon, the second Sunday of this year.

Mr. Moody, after holding meetings for three weeks at Pittsburg, left for Louisville where he will stay a month and then go to the Pacific coast.

It is reported that eleven papers are published in Volapuk, and that it has 200,000 students.

The *Daily American* recently offered a prize of ten dollars to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who sent in the best Christmas story and in consequence has received over three-hundred.

James Powell one of the Secretaries of the A. M. A. recently died of apoplexy in New England.

MUSIC AT FISK.

NORTH of Jubilee Hall, stands a large well built house, known as the Beer garden. In this house, which was not then so attractive and which was occupied by Prof. Spence, the Mozart Society held its first meeting seven years ago and received its name.

The Society at that time was composed of only a few, perhaps not more than eight or ten. Most of the original members have left the society,— only Miss Vassar is left to tell the tale of those early days, when the girls plodded along in the mud loosing their rubbers and almost giving up in despair. No one of those who met in the first meetings of the society can help rejoicing together with us that now it has the large spacious Chapel of Livingstone Hall, in which to hold its meetings.

Steadily, year by year has this society grown under the untiring guidance of Prof. Spence and his daughter. Last year, there were perhaps fifty members at the beginning of this term there were not so many however at present the society is on the increase. It has been the custom of the Mozart Society to give an annual concert. Twice during the last four or five years, it has given complimentary concerts to the Tennessee Legislature, rendering at one time Mozart's Twelfth Mass and at another Handel's Messiah.

The most difficult music, the music of the masters, is executed by the society. The Twelfth Mass, the Messiah and the Elijah are all sung by this Society. The Mozart acts as church choir and no one can sit under its voices without being lifted up and thrilled by its inspiration. It has been the aim of the Society for quite a while.

to secure funds to purchase a Pipe Organ. Thus as it has done little thereto and the Organ is seen only in the distance. Yet the society does not despair for it hopes ere many years have passed, when the Middle Hall shall stand in all its beauty, that as its members, who are now working and hoping come back to their old home Fisk, they will be stirred by the peals the of Pipe Organ.

Dec. 29th There was an Open Rehearsal of the Department in the Chapel. It was quite successful, and largely attended. The following was the programme:—

Marcia Fantasia, Bargid, Sallie Jones,
Flying Bird, Op 31 Spindler, Josie Hobbs
At the Fountain " " Mary Coffin,
May Bells No 2 " " Ida Mallery,
" Dost Thou Remember " Op 31

Spindler, Miss Cheatham.

March of the Hussars, Spindler

Willie Hadley

Waltz in A flat, Chopin, Arvilla Bryant.

Prelude No. 7, Bach, Mary Bennett

Christmas Pieces Gade Op. 36.

Evening Bells, Carrie Carney,

Entrance March, Flora Wright,

Dance of the little Boys Nettie Crump

Dance of the little Girls, Alma Stickel.

LOCALS.

1888.

"Thirteen cards, please!"

The girls *received* this year.

Now for the leap-year programme.

The German class has rhetorical every Friday afternoon.

The second Faculty Social of the season was given Dec. 1st by the lady teachers of Jubilee Hall.

The B. K. B. had its election of officers on Dec. 2nd. J. D. McCall was made president. The society is in a

quite flourishing condition.

At the Missionary meeting Dec. 4th a letter was read from Miss Miner who is now in China. All were delighted to hear from her.

The mock-congress was held on the 24th and 26th. W. R. Morris was re-elected president.

On the 27th the ladies held a W. C. T. U. They represented the most prominent Temperance women of our country.

The U. J. S. is progressing nicely. It has just elected W. M. Seyler president

The boys of the English Department have organized a society, known as The English Debating Society.

As Christmas came on Sunday we had our Christmas dinner on Monday 26th., and the social on the same night. At the social the students through R. C. Edmondson presented the president a gold-headed cane. This is the first present made by the students to the president for many years.

The second public rhetorical took place on Dec. 30th.

New Years Day was the most beautiful we had during holidays and most the young men called. The young ladies gave nourishment. The young men enjoyed them the more because they were prepared in the Industrial Dept. Mrs. Wright, assisted by Misses Robinson and Edwards and Mrs. Green, and Prof. Morgan, assisted by the young ladies of senior class, also received.

Have you forgotten to send that ten dollars to the Gymnasium?